



ALIENS/  
PREDATOR  
3 OF 12

\$2.50 US  
\$3.15 CAN

# ALIENS™

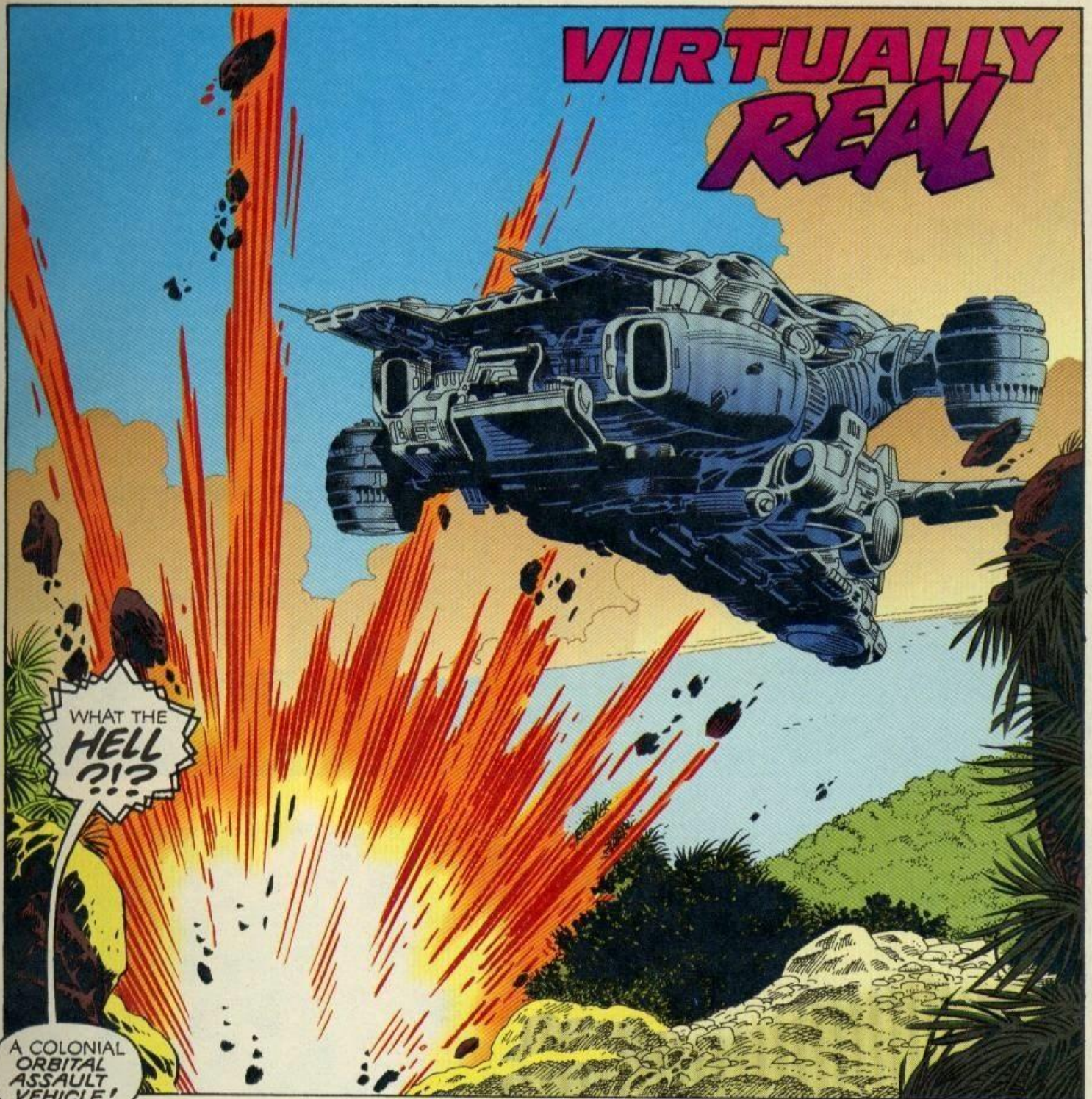
**THE DEADLIEST OF THE SPECIES**

# PREDATOR™



**CLAREMONT • GUICE • BARRETO**

# VIRTUALLY REAL



WHAT THE  
**HELL**  
?!?

A COLONIAL  
ORBITAL  
ASSAULT  
VEHICLE!

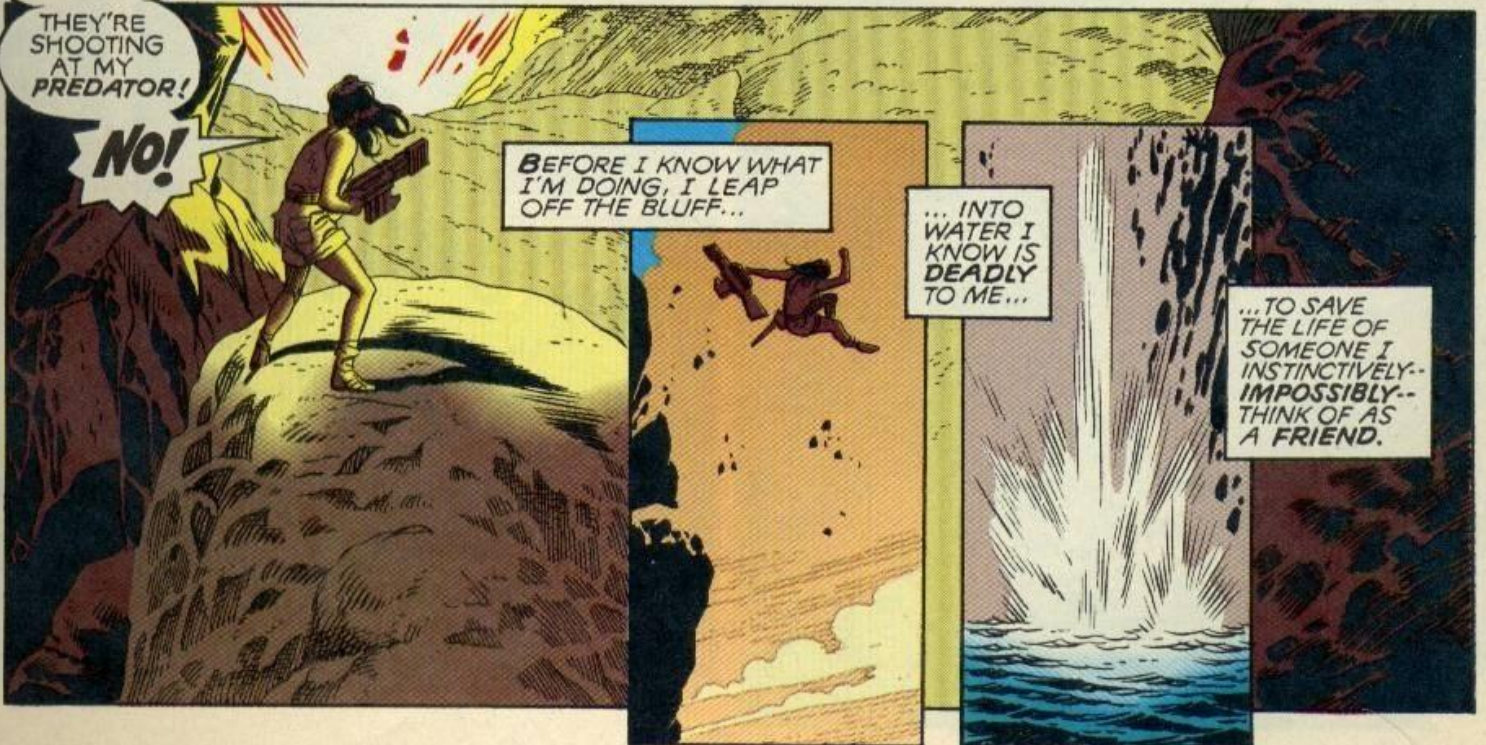
THEY'RE  
SHOOTING  
AT MY  
PREDATOR!

**No!**

BEFORE I KNOW WHAT  
I'M DOING, I LEAP  
OFF THE BLUFF...

... INTO  
WATER I  
KNOW IS  
DEADLY  
TO ME...

... TO SAVE  
THE LIFE OF  
SOMEONE I  
INSTINCTIVELY--  
IMPOSSIBLY--  
THINK OF AS  
A FRIEND.



WHOEVER'S FLYING THAT MACHINE SEEMS AS SURPRISED BY MY ACTIONS AS I AM MYSELF.

MRS. DELACROIX-- WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

BLESSED IF I KNOW, REALLY.

THIS CREATURE KIDNAPPED ME, HUNTED ME, SEEMED TO BE TRYING ITS LEVEL BEST TO KILL ME.

A MINUTE AGO, I HAD IT IN MY SIGHTS, WITH MY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

YET HERE I AM, BACK IN A POOL THICK WITH JELLYFISH WHOSE VENOM IS SO INTENSE THEIR STINGS NEARLY STOPPED MY HEART.

PUTTING MYSELF DELIBERATELY IN THE LINE OF FIRE BETWEEN THE A.V. AND THE PREDATOR.

I MUST BE MAD.

NOT SO, THE PREDATOR.

IT HUGS THE SHORE, FAVORING A LEG THAT'S SCARRED WITH FRESH WELTS, CLEARLY IN AGONY.

...UNTIL I SEE WHAT IT'S AFTER.

MY PULSE, RIFLE!

IN THE CONFUSION, I LOST MY GRIP ON IT.

I MAKE A DESPERATE GRAB...

I CERTAINLY MUST BE BLESSED.

THIS TIME, THE STINGS DON'T HURT. I BARELY FEEL THEIR TOUCH.

I'M AMAZED IT CAN MOVE AT ALL...

...BUT NOT QUITE DESPERATE ENOUGH.

SHOK!

I FIGURE I'M HISTORY.

ASH PARNALL!

ASH... PARNALL?

IT SOUNDS ALMOST HAPPY.

FLIERS DON'T MUCH LIKE BEING SHOT AT.

STUN GRENADE DID ITS JOB, TOMMY-- THEY'RE DOWN!

WATCH THAT BIG UGLY, MARIA!

NO PROB, PARTNER. SUCKER AIN'T MOVIN', AIN'T CONSCIOUS.

HOW'S THE MISSUS?

AWAKE BUT FADIN' FAST.

NOT TO WORRY, CARYN. EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE FINE.

WE'RE HERE TO TAKE YOU HOME.

AND I WONDER IF WE'RE BOTH DEMENTED.

WHAM!

THE SKYLINER  
LIBERTÉ--

--TERRESTRIAL  
CORPORATE HEAD-  
QUARTERS OF THE  
ENTERTAINMENT  
CONGLOMERATE,  
MONTCALM-  
DELACROIX et CIE...

WELCOME,  
TO YOU ALL.

LUCIEN AND I ARE HAPPY  
BEYOND WORDS TO SHARE  
WITH YOU TONIGHT'S  
CELEBRATION...

... MARKING  
THE ANNIVERSARY  
OF EARTH'S  
LIBERATION FROM  
THE **ALIEN**  
SCOURGE.

IT'S SAID  
SOME ARE STILL  
LEFT ON THE  
SURFACE.

SHE'S  
PERFECT!

BEST OF  
HER BREED,  
I'LL GRANT  
YOU THAT.

THAT,  
MY DEAR, IS  
WHY WE LIVE  
IN THE **SKY**,  
WHERE IT'S  
**SAFE**.

BUT LUCIEN IS  
**CHIEF EXECUTIVE  
OFFICER** OF THE  
CORPORATION.  
CARYN'S NO LESS A  
**TROPHY WIFE**  
THAN HE  
DESERVES.

SOMEDAY...

DREAM  
ON, LAD.

MY UNDER-  
STANDING IS  
SHE'S ONE OF  
A KIND, A  
**CUSTOM  
CONFIGURATION**.

HOW'S HIS  
WIFE?

HOW'S  
YOURS?

TRUTH  
TO TELL,  
HAVEN'T SEEN  
THE COW  
SINCE I GOT  
MY OWN  
TROPHY.

THAT EXPLAINS  
THE LOOKS CARYN'S  
GETTING FROM  
LUCIEN'S SON.  
NOT A HAPPY  
CAMPER.

WHO'S  
THAT  
WITH  
HIM?

**GISANDE  
SALAZAR**,  
CORPORATE  
SECURITY.

LUCIEN, THOSE  
TWO BY THE  
WALL-- DO I  
KNOW THEM?

IS THERE  
A PROBLEM,  
MY PET?

I CAN  
PLACE THEIR  
FACES, BUT  
NOT THEIR  
NAMES.

I WONDER  
WHERE  
WE MET?













THIS WASN'T PART OF THE DEAL, MARIA.

WE DID WHAT WAS ASKED, WE GET A FEW DAYS TO LIVE THE HIGH LIFE, NO QUESTIONS, NO GRIEF.

SO WHAT'S THE PROB, TOMMY?

THEY GOT A POOL, I WANT TO SWIM-- Q.E.D.

GIVE IT A REST, WHY DON'TCHA, B'FORE YOU TURN INTO SOME WHINY LITTLE RANDOM!

IT'S NONE OF OUR CONCERN THAT CARYN DELACROIX HAS BAD DREAMS. HELL, AFTER WHAT SHE'S BEEN THROUGH, WHO WOULDN'T?

HAVE A LITTLE FAITH, SHIROW, WILLYA? I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

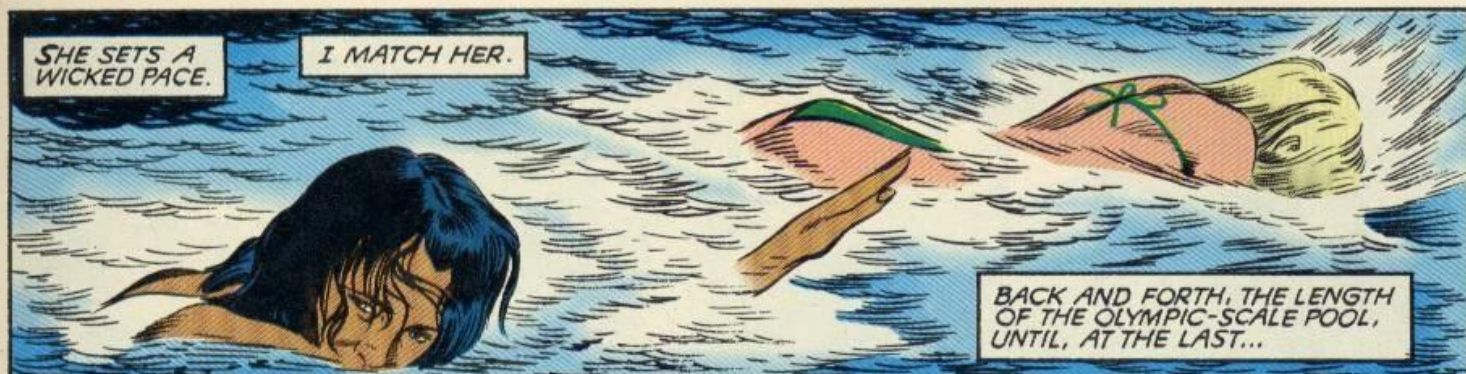
FAMOUS LAST WORDS, DeMEDICI!

UP YOURS!

THE WOMAN COMES UP OUT OF NOWHERE...

...WITH A STROKE TO MATCH MY OWN...

...AND A GRIN THAT OFFERS AN IRRESISTIBLE CHALLENGE.



SHE SETS A WICKED PACE.

I MATCH HER.

BACK AND FORTH, THE LENGTH OF THE OLYMPIC-SCALE POOL, UNTIL, AT THE LAST...



VERY NICE, MADAME DELACROIX!

YOU'RE FASTER THAN YOU LOOK.

I LIKE TO STAY IN SHAPE.

YOUR FACE IS VERY FAMILIAR.

FORGIVE ME, DO I KNOW YOU?



WE'VE MET, JUST NOT BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED.



AND YOU'RE NOT ABOUT TO BE, EITHER.

NOT YOU OR YOUR BOY-FRIEND.

YOU'VE NO PLACE HERE, DeMEDICI. YOU DON'T BELONG, AND YOU'RE NOT WELCOME. THE SOONER YOU'RE GONE, THE BETTER.



WILLEM! YOU'RE BEING UNSPEAKABLY RUDE! EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

I HAVE MY REASONS, CARYN.



YO, WILLY! YOU GOT JUICE ENOUGH TO OVERRULE YOUR DADDY...

'CAUSE HE'S THE ONE GAVE US LEAVE TO STAY.



YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT WHAT I CAN DO.

SOMEDAY, SO WILL HE.

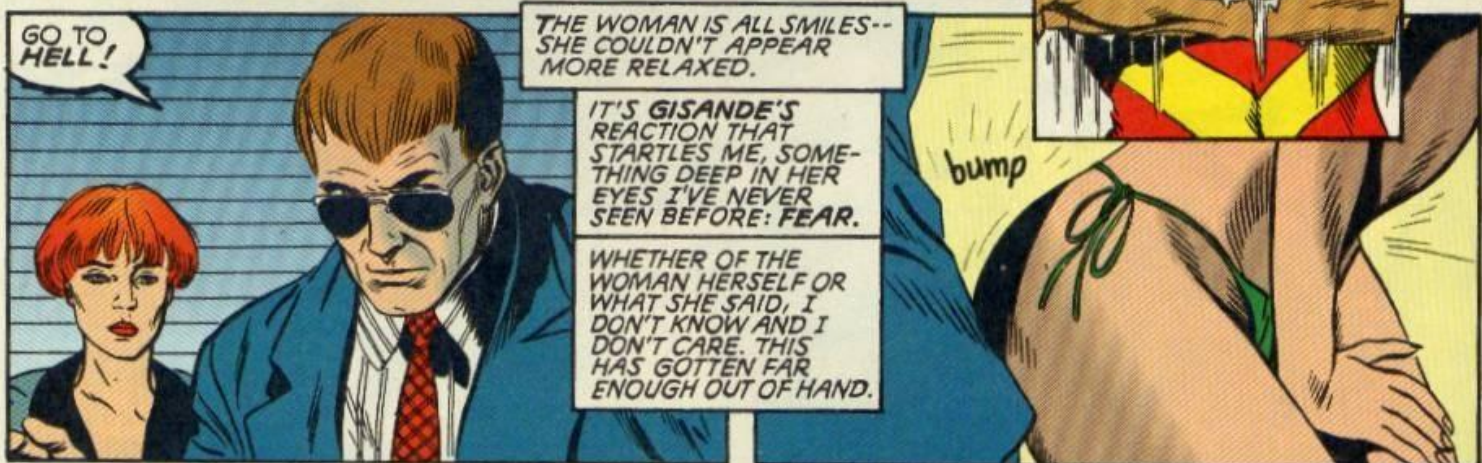
YOU'VE A SERIOUS ATTITUDE, GIRL. BE CAREFUL-- BEFORE IT GETS YOU A LIFETIME GIG DANCING THE CIRCUIT!



HOW IS IT, SEIGNEUR, A HIGH-POWERED CORPORATE EXECUTIVE-- **JUNIOR** MEMBER OF THE BOARD AND ALL--

-- KNOWS ABOUT THE "CIRCUIT"?

I'M WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWER, WILLY-BOY.



GO TO HELL!

THE WOMAN IS ALL SMILES-- SHE COULDN'T APPEAR MORE RELAXED.

IT'S GISANDE'S REACTION THAT STARTLES ME, SOMETHING DEEP IN HER EYES I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE: FEAR.

WHETHER OF THE WOMAN HERSELF OR WHAT SHE SAID, I DON'T KNOW AND I DON'T CARE. THIS HAS GOTTEN FAR ENOUGH OUT OF HAND.

bump



OOPSIE!

Oh MY GOODNESS!

WILLEM, I'M SO TERRIBLY SORRY-- I DON'T KNOW HOW I COULD HAVE BEEN SO CLUMSY!



GOOD FOR YOU, MISSUS.

MY PARTNER WAS LOOKING TO TAKE THAT YA-YA'S HEAD OFF.



STILL, THE WATER'S DELIGHTFUL.



PERHAPS A SWIM'S JUST WHAT YOU NEED TO COOL YOUR TEMPER.

YOU YOU YOU



DON'T SAY A WORD, WILLEM, NOT ANOTHER BLOODY WORD!

WHY DIDN'T YOU **DO** SOMETHING? THEY'RE **LAUGHING** AT ME!

YOU GAVE THEM CAUSE.

WATCH YOUR TONGUE, WOMAN!



IS THAT A THREAT, SEIGNEUR?

A REMINDER, GISANDE, THAT YOU DO YOUR JOB-- AND REMEMBER YOUR PLACE.

WILLEM, I HAVE FINISHED SCRIPT REVISIONS AND PRODUCTION COST ESTIMATES ON "REDLANCE."

AS CHIEF OF PRODUCTION, YOUR REVIEW AND APPROVAL ARE REQUIRED BEFORE--

FILE IT IN MY BUFFER!

NOT NOW, TOY.



FORGIVE ME, WILLEM, BUT YOUR FATHER HAS TASKED THIS AS A PRIORITY ASSIGNMENT, FOR IMMEDIATE IMPLEMENTATION.

I SAID, I'LL GET TO IT! NOW LEAVE US THE HELL ALONE!



GODDAMN THAT INFERNAL MACHINE!

NOT ONLY DOES IT LOOK HUMAN, IT'S STARTING TO ACT LIKE IT! I SWEAR IT *LIKES* GIVING ME ORDERS!

THAT WOMAN WITH CARYN, AND HER BOYFRIEND-- WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED?!

SO FAR, NOTHING MORE.



THEN, DO BETTER-- QUICKLY!

I WANT TO KNOW **EVERYTHING** ABOUT THEM, GISANDE, AND MOST ESPECIALLY...



...HOW THEY CAN BE HURT!

**ATTENTION:** This evening's frolic in the Gallery is scheduled for the live enjoyment of citizenry classes seven through nine. For all other citizens, the entertainment will be simulcast on channel 97 ...

LIKE THE VIEW, SON?

THEY'RE CALLED **TROPHIES**, AN' WITH GOOD REASON.

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

THOSE LADIES YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT DOWN ON THE PROMENADE.

MAN PUTS IN HIS TIME, MAKES HIS MARK ON THE WORLD, STANDS TO REASON HE'S EARNED SOME REWARDS.



SUPPOSE HE'S ALREADY MARRIED?

MY GOD, WE'RE NOT BARBARIANS!



IT'S JUST, THERE COMES A TIME WHEN A MAN NEEDS TO KNOW HE CAN STILL COMMAND RESPECT, THAT HE CAN HOLD HIS OWN WITH THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE PACK.

THEY HAVE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, WE HAVE **MORE** BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. GIVES 'EM SOMETHING TO SHOOT FOR, BUT ALSO PUTS 'EM IN THEIR PLACE.



AND THE WOMAN YOU MARRIED FOR LOVE, WHO'S SHOWING HER AGE, SHE ISN'T... APPROPRIATE FOR THAT SCENARIO?

THE **MAN'S** THE BREAD-WINNER, BOY.

IT'S MY JOB TO PUT FOOD ON THE HEARTH TO EAT, AND THE WIFE'S TO TAKE CARE OF THE HOME.



THAT'S HOW IT'S ALWAYS BEEN. HUMAN NATURE, BOY, IMPRINTED ON THE GENES LONG BEFORE OUR TIME.

BESIDES, IT'S NOT LIKE THE TRUE WIVES ARE ABANDONED OR FORGOTTEN--NOT AT ALL. THEIR STATUS IS GUARANTEED BY LAW AND CUSTOM.



I DON'T FEEL GUILTY. WHAT I'VE GOT, I'VE EARNED. WHAT MY FAMILY--WIFE AND KIDS TOGETHER--HAVE GOT, I'VE EARNED.

I TAKE THE RISKS--IT'S MY ASS ON THE LINE, EVERY DAY--ONLY RIGHT AND PROPER, I DESERVE MY SHARE OF THE REWARDS.

BUT I SEE I'M NOT TELLIN' YOU ANYTHING YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW.

HELLO, TOMAS.



MARIA?!?





HE THOUGHT YOU WERE MY TROPHIES.

YOU SHOULD BOTH BE FLATTERED-- THAT'S QUITE A COMPLIMENT.



IT DON'T BOTHER YOU, BEIN' CONSIDERED ESSENTIALLY CHATTEL?



I DON'T KNOW. CAN YOU MISS WHAT YOU NEVER HAD, OR YEARN FOR SOMETHING THAT HAS NO MEANING?

I'M HAPPY, I'M FULFILLED, I LIVE A GOOD LIFE. CLICHE AS IT MAY BE, THERE ARE WORSE FATES.



DANCING THE *CIRCUIT*, FOR EXAMPLE.

WHAT IS THAT, TOMAS--THE *CIRCUIT*, I MEAN? WILLEM MENTIONED IT BEFORE.



YEAH, HE DID, DIDN'T HE?

IT'S A RUMOR YOU HEAR FROM TIME TO TIME AMONG THE OUT-WORLD SYSTEMS-- ALMOST AS SCARY A BOGEYMAN AS THE *ALIENS*.

THEN, THEY SELL 'EM.



SUPPOSED TO BE A SLAVER NETWORK. FLESH PEDDLERS GRAB LIKELY PROSPECTS, WIPE THEIR MEMORIES, USE BEHAVIOR MOD TO RECONFIGURE THEIR PERSONALITIES.



WE SAY "RUMOR" BECAUSE NO ONE'S EVER MANAGED TO PROVE ITS EXISTENCE.

THERE ARE ALWAYS THE OCCASIONAL ATTEMPTS-- BY COPS OR JOURNALISTS. NOTHING EVER COMES OF 'EM. SOME FOLKS GIVE UP IN FRUSTRATION. OTHERS SIMPLY...

... DISAPPEAR.



HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED?



WE'RE NOT COPS. OR JOURNALISTS.



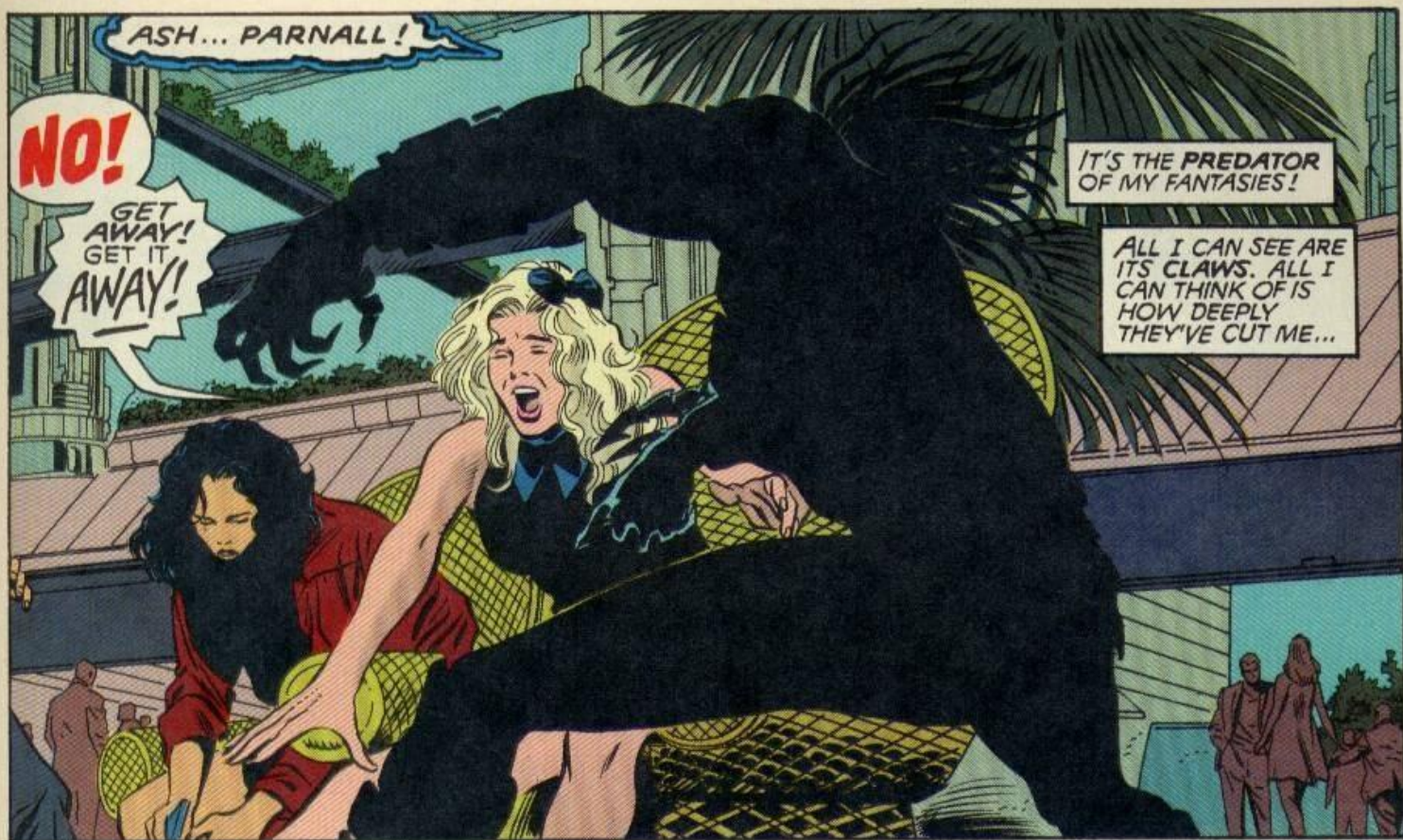
WHAT ARE YOU?



AT THE MOMENT, YOUR GUESTS.



AND WHO KNOWS, MAYBE-- JUST A LITTLE-- *FRIENDS*.



ASH... PARNALL!

**NO!**

GET AWAY!  
GET IT AWAY!

IT'S THE PREDATOR OF MY FANTASIES!

ALL I CAN SEE ARE ITS CLAWS. ALL I CAN THINK OF IS HOW DEEPLY THEY'VE CUT ME...



... HOW OFTEN I'VE DIED AT ITS HANDS.

NO NO NO NO PLEASE NO



MISSUS DELACROIX-- CARYN--!

IT'S OKAY, EVERYTHING'S OKAY. TRUST ME, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.

FOR ALL SHIROW'S CALMING WORDS, ALL I CAN FOCUS ON...



... IS THE MEMORY FROM A DREAM OF THE PREDATOR'S SPEAR STABBING HIM THROUGH THE HEART.

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE ABOUT THAT MOMENT, TO DO WITH ME, AN IMAGE HARDER TO HOLD THAN QUICK-SILVER...

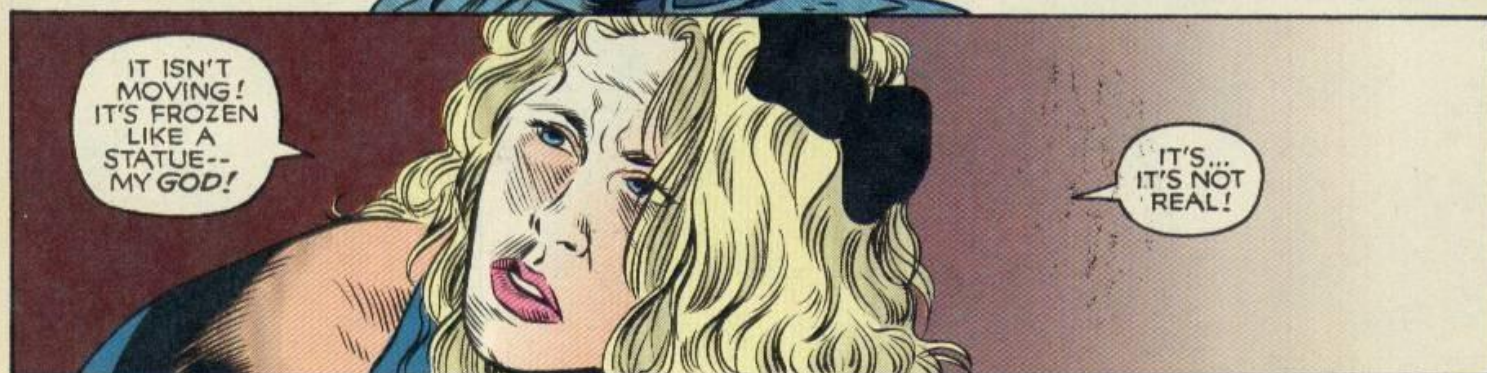
... THAT SLIPS THROUGH MY MENTAL FINGERS AS I REALIZE...



WE'RE NOT DEAD-- WHY AREN'T WE DEAD?!

WHY HASN'T IT ATTACKED?

IT CAN'T.



IT ISN'T MOVING! IT'S FROZEN LIKE A STATUE-- MY GOD!

IT'S... IT'S NOT REAL!

A HOLO-GRAM?! THE IMAGE CONTROL MODULE!

MARIA-- YOU DID THIS?! YOU SUMMONED THAT HORROR?! HOW DARE YOU!?!

FACING THAT THING WAS AWFUL ENOUGH ON A VIRTUAL PLAYGROUND--!

WHY ARE YOU SO UPSET? YOU WON.

THAT ISN'T THE BLOODY POINT!

I WAS HURT, I WAS SCARED, I SAW INNOCENT PEOPLE HORRIBLY KILLED! I DON'T CARE IF IT WAS ALL AN ILLUSION-- IT FELT REAL!

AND YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO MAKE ME RELIVE IT!

WHO'S ASH PARNALL?

GO TO HELL!

MADAME DELACROIX-- CARYN-- I'M SORRY!

Ah, WELL...

SO MUCH FOR THAT IDEA.

SHE WASN'T ACTING, MARIA. THAT LADY WAS WELL AND TRULY TERRIFIED.

MAKES NO SENSE, TOMMY.

THAT'S NOT OUR PROBLEM.

YOU'RE NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT CURIOUS...

... AS TO WHY ALL THESE PIECES DON'T ADD UP?

LIKE, NOT TO MENTION, WHO'S "ASH PARNALL"?

AN' WHAT THE HELL IS THIS BIG UGLY THING?!

SCAN LEVEL  
2348654 x3  
16 32 48 79  
93 39 10 23

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS, DARLIN'.

WE'VE SEEN HOW THE "OTHER HALF" LIVES, WE'VE HAD OUR LITTLE ADVENTURE, WE'RE DONE HERE.

SCAN LEVEL  
2348654 x3  
16 32 48 79  
93 39 10 23

WE DON'T KNOW THE PLAYERS, MARIA, WE DON'T KNOW THE GAME.

I SAY, "DIDI MAU" WHILE THE I.Z. IS CLEAR.

SCAN LEVEL  
2348654 x3  
16 32 48 79  
93 39 10 23



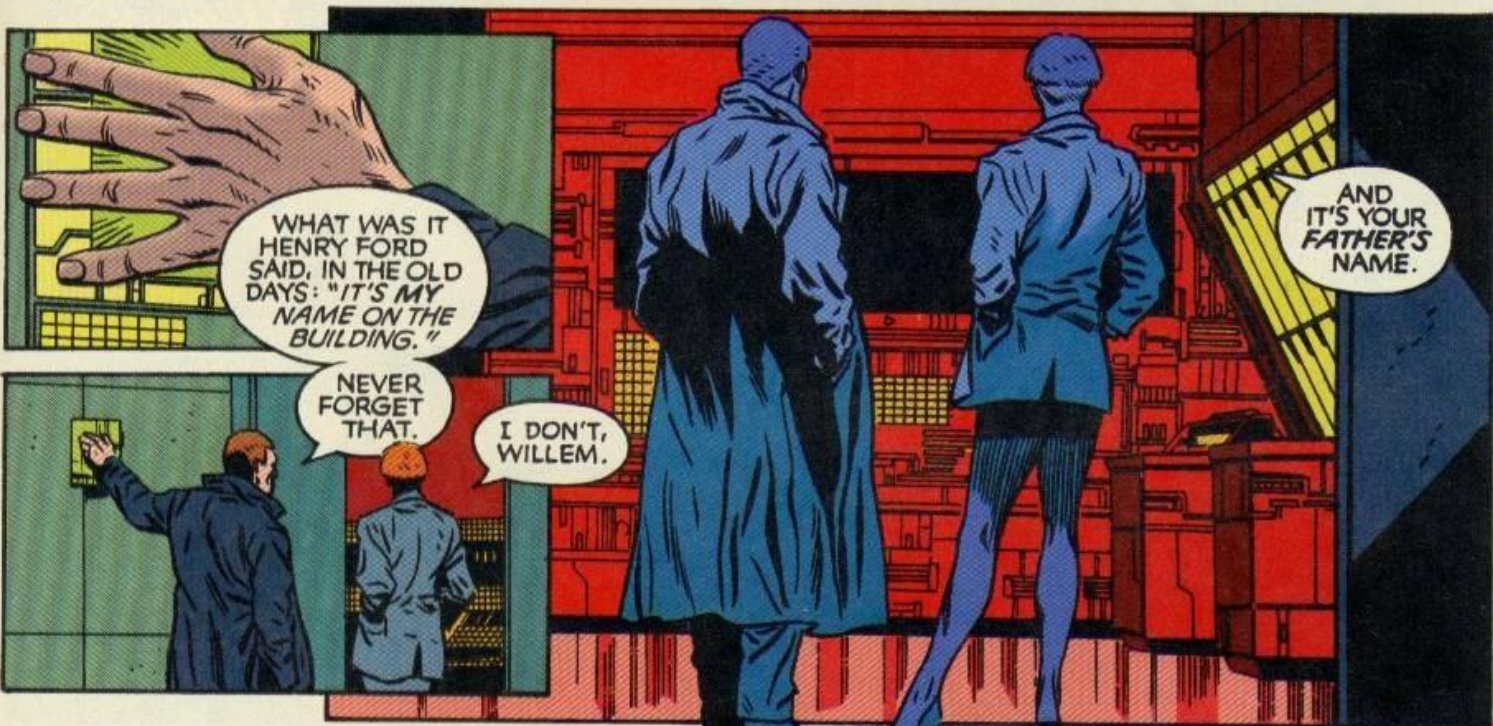
WELL? WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

NOTHING VERY MUCH, JUST MORE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE. I'M NOT YET SURE HOW VALUABLE THEY ARE.

INTERESTING, THOUGH. SHIROW AND DeMEDICI SEEM AS PERPLEXED AS WE.

YOU'VE SERVED ME WELL, GISANDE. I'D HATE TO SEE THOSE ACCOMPLISHMENTS PLACED IN JEOPARDY.

AND HERE I THOUGHT WE MADE SUCH A GREAT TEAM.



WHAT WAS IT HENRY FORD SAID, IN THE OLD DAYS: "IT'S MY NAME ON THE BUILDING."

AND IT'S YOUR FATHER'S NAME.

NEVER FORGET THAT.

I DON'T, WILLEM.



IS THE ROOM SECURE?

COMPLETELY. ALTHOUGH, AS I'VE SAID REPEATEDLY, THAT'S NO GUARANTEE WHERE TOY IS CONCERNED.

I HARDWIRED THIS CONTROL CENTER MYSELF. YOU COULDN'T DETECT THESE SYSTEMS IF YOU WERE STANDING RIGHT OUTSIDE, AND WE COMMUNICATE IN ENCRYPTED BURSTS THAT CAN'T BE CAUGHT, LET ALONE DECODED.

MANY THANKS, SEIGNEUR, FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

I DIDN'T BRING UP THE SUBJECT.

NOW, PUT DeMATIER ON-LINE.

EVERYTHING I'VE DONE HERE, YOU'VE CHECKED. IF THERE'S A FLAW, GISANDE, IT'S ON YOUR HEAD.



SALUTATIONS, SEIGNEUR. I AM PLEASED TO REPORT WE ARE PROCEEDING AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.

WITH GOOD FORTUNE, WE SHOULD BE READY TO DECANT THE FIRST TIER WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT.



YOUR SECURITY IS, I ASSUME, ADEQUATE?

MORE THAN ADEQUATE, MY DEAR.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR OVER-CONFIDENCE, MESSIEURS, ON ANYONE'S PART.

THE BIO-ENGINEERING PROCEDURES YOU'RE ATTEMPTING, PROFESSOR, ARE TOTALLY FORBIDDEN-- NOT TO MENTION WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH WITH THEM. OR WHAT YOU'RE USING AS RAW MATERIAL.

THERE IS NO MARGIN FOR ERROR. IF ANY *HINT* OF THIS REACHES THE SECURITATE...



THERE HAS BEEN NO ERROR, MY DEAR. OF THAT YOU HAVE MY ABSOLUTE ASSURANCE.

*Glip*  
TRANSMISSION CLOSED.

HE'S HIDING SOMETHING.

SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU TO DETERMINE, THEN.

IN THE MEANWHILE, LET'S MOVE ALONG TO THE NEXT ORDER OF BUSINESS.



OPEN A SECURE CHANNEL TO THE CIRCUIT. PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENTS TO BEGIN, FOLLOWED BY INVENTORY STATUS AND PENDING ORDERS.

WHAT'S THE STATUS OF THAT POLICE INQUIRY. BY THE WAY?



COMPLETELY NEUTRALIZED. TWO INVESTIGATORS ELIMINATED, ONE NOW WORKING FOR US, TWO DANCING THE CIRCUIT.

WE EVEN TURNED A TIDY PROFIT ON THE ENGAGEMENT.



SPLENDID! YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD MORE FAITH IN ME, FATHER. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE I'M RUNNING THE CORPORATION...

...AND THERE WON'T BE A BLESSED THING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!





NO!



I EXPECT TO  
SEE BLOOD.

MY BLOOD.



BUT ALL I FIND  
ARE WORDS.

THAT  
ACCURSED  
NAME.



FROM THE DE  
LUCIEN A. Del



WHY DOES IT HAUNT  
ME? WHY DOES SHE?

ARE YOU  
THERE,  
TOY?



ABOARD THIS VESSEL, CARYN, I AM EVERYWHERE.



DO YOU KNOW EVERYTHING, THEN?



I DO MY BEST.



TOY-- AM I INSANE?



YOU FULFILL NONE OF THE PARAMETERS I AM AWARE OF FOR THAT CONDITION.



I HAVE NIGHTMARES, TOY.



TO BE TROUBLED IS NOT NECESSARILY TO BE INSANE.



HOW COMFORTING. IS THERE ANY MORE WORD ON MY THERAPIST, DR. JOHANNES?



HE IS STILL... UNAVAILABLE, CARYN.



THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR HIM TO COME BACK.



IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING THAT HIS DEPARTURE IS PERMANENT.

SO WHAT DO I DO, THEN?

YOU MIGHT ADDRESS THE CONCERNS PRESENTED IN YOUR DREAMS.

WHAT, THAT I'M BEING HAUNTED BY SOME MONSTER? THAT I KEEP GETTING MYSELF KILLED?!



TELL ME, TOY-- MY VIRTUAL DUEL IN THE JUNGLE-- WHY DID YOU COME UP WITH SOMETHING SO AWFUL?



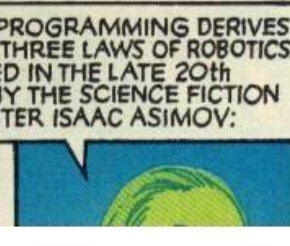
I HAVE NO ANSWER FOR THAT, CARYN.



I THOUGHT YOU WERE FORBIDDEN TO BRING HARM TO PEOPLE.



THAT IS CORRECT.



MY CORE PROGRAMMING DERIVES FROM THE THREE LAWS OF ROBOTICS, POSTULATED IN THE LATE 20th CENTURY BY THE SCIENCE FICTION GRAND MASTER ISAAC ASIMOV: